THE INFLUENCE OF „GOTHIC" LITERATURE

ON

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

INAUGURAL-DISSERTATION

DER HOHEN

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ZUR

ERLANGUNG DER DOKTORWÜRDE

VORGELEGT VON

WALTER FREYE

AUS DISSEN.

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„Meinem Vater“.

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In the literature of all German tribes, beginning in the oldest and remotest times, we find a liking for superstitions, dreadful events, awful spectacles etc developed to a far greater extent than with any other nations. In ancient times all descriptions of nature, for instance, only give us the wild and terrifying. In Beowulf only the terrors of winter are described

Beowulf 515, 545—548, 1127—28, 1330—33

»ȝeofon yðum weol, wintres wylme . . . .
þa wit atsomne on sæ wæron
fif nihta fyrst, oð þæt une flod todraf,
wado weallende, wedera cealdost
nipende niht ond norðan wind
heodo-grim andhwearf; hreo wæron yða.«

» »Hengest þa gyt wäl-fagne winter wunode mid Finne . . . .
holm storme weol won wiþ winde; winter yðe beleac is-gebinde . . . . .

Similar powerful verses on horrors in nature are given to us in the old-German »Muspilli« and the Anglo-Saxon poem, which we call in German »der Seefahrer«. Muspilli; 27—37:

»so inprinnant die perga poum ni kistentit
enihc in erdu, aha artruknent
muor varsuuilhit sih, suilizot lougiu der himil,
mano fallit, prinnit mittilagart,
sten ni kistentit verit denne stuatago in land,
verit mit diu vuiru viriho uuison:
dar ni mac denne mak andremo helfan vora demo muspille.
denne daz preita uuasal allaz varprennit,
enti vuir enti luft is allaz arfurpit,
uuar ist denne diu marha, dar man dar eo mit sinen magon piehc?

Seefahrer 12—25; 31—33

» »þæt se mon newat
þe him on foldan fægrost limpeð
hu ie earmcearig iscealdne sæ
winter wunade wræcan lastum winemægum bidroren.
bihongen hrimgicelum: hægl scurum fleag.
þær ic negehyrde butan hlimman sæ
iscaldne wæg, hwilum ylfete song:
dyde ic me to gomene ganetes hleopor
and huilpan sweg fore hleahtor wera,
mæw singende fore medodrince.
Stormas þær stanclifu beotan, þær him stearn oncwæd
isigfeþera: fuloft pæt earn bigeal
heaswigfeþra. Nænig hleomæga
feasceaftig ferð frefran meahte . . . . .
»Nap nihtscua, norþan sniwde,
hrim hrusan band; hægl feol on eorþan,
Corna caldast.«

With the »Minnesinger« in Germany and with the Latin Monk-Poetry in England, the Roman influence suppresses this specific German manner of taste which is not reawakened before the 16th century; the negative reason being the humanistic Latin poets, and the positive, the what we call »Volksdichter«. The return of the Stuarts again establishes the Roman influence. The so called Pseudo-Classicism brought over from France by them has, however, never been apt to find a way to the heart of the English people, and it was not long before the cold and sober reasoning of the poets of this school had to surrender to a literature of another turn. Manyfold were the causes for this change. It was the consequence of the whole social development in England, the class of citizens having obtained the leading position with a striving sense of free movement and development of vigour in every respeet and in all matters. A love for Shakespeare and old English poetry awoke. People strove to be delivered from the monotony of all these poets till down to Erasmus Darwin, Crabbe, Campbell etc. who had thoroughly tired out their readers. A longing arose to be delivered from their annoying heroic verses, a longing for fresher and stronger food, the more so, as through the political influence of the French revolution also in England the national spirit and patriotic feeling had been freshly animated and invigorated. Already in the second quarter of the eighteenth century there arose dissatisfaction with the criticism and poetry of Pope, which we can

look upon as the faint beginning of the so called. Romantic movement. The first poet in whose works slight alterations in form and contents from Pseudo-Classicism may be detected is Smollet. Certain passages in »Count Fathom« show a revived interest in superstition, as unmistakably as does the poetry of the Gothic novelists.

Renald visits the tomb of his Monimia in a night of uncommon darkness. As he enters and walks up »the dreary aisle«, the clock strikes twelve, and the owl screeches from the ruined battlement. The organ is touched by an »invisible hand«. A figure of »a woman in white« approaches and criesout to him. Terror makes him speechless; »his hair stands upright«, and »a cold vapour thrills through every nerve«.*

It ist true, superstition is to be found already in the works of the writers in Queen Anne's time; but what marked difference from the treatment of Smollet! They looked upon devils and ghosts as tangible beings and described them coldly and minutely. Smollet at first awakes terror and wonder with his mysteries, though, in the manner of Anne Radcliffe, he afterwards accounts for them.

One by one the old writers dropped off and new writers of utterly distinct idiosyncrasy made their appearance. »No special production of theirs may be of a high value, but their is an idiosyncrasy, an unlikeness to anything of their predecessors«, (Saintsbury) which is most distinguishable in the terror and mystery novels that were now started by

*) Vol. V, 424.

Horace Walpole. Near Twikenham he built a strange Gothic structure, known as Strawberry Hill, quite in the taste he reveals in his works. His »Castle of Otranto« was published in 1764. If Smollet had given the method of dealing with the superstitious, he gives the terrifying machinery of black towers, long dark stairways, chambers where doors slam and screech, trap doors, subterranean caverns. A great gloomy upper chamber is haunted by a giant in armour who stupefies with terror; portraits utter sighs, leave their panels etc.

His successors are:

Anne Reeve with historical incidents in her »Old English Baron«,
William Beckford who in his immense mansion Fonthill Abbey, with its mysterious halls and towers, tried to realize his dreams of imagination. He carried on the Oriental fable with its marvels and superstitions in »Vathek«, that closes with a description of the punishment of the damned. According to Saintsbury (pag. 41) only Dante, Beckford, and Scott in Wandering Willie's Tale (Redganntlet) have given us Hells that are worthy of the idea of Hell.

Thus we distinguish three varieties in the new school: the historical, the Oriental and the Gothic. The question which was to predominate was settled by Anne Radcliffe, who thus no doubt stands amidst others at the head of the class of literature to which belongs also Sir Walter Scott.

She alarms with terror; agitates with suspense, prolonged and wrought up to the most intense feeling; by mysterious hints and obscure intimations of unseen danger. The scenery of her tales is in »time-shook towers«, vast uninhabited castles, winding staircases, long echoing aisles; or, if abroad, lonely heaths, gloomy forests, and abrupt precipices. Her living characters correspond to the scenery; — their wicked projects are dark, singular, actrocious. By solitude, darkness, low-whispered sounds, obscure glimpses of objects, flitting forms, she tends to raise in the mind a thrilling mysterious terror. But these ideas are suggested only; for it is the peculiar management of this author, that, though she gives a glimpse of the world of shadows, she yet stops short of anything really supernatural: for all the strange and alarming circumstances are in the course of the story explained by natural causes; but in the mean time the reader has felt their full impression.

Her influence, directly or through Scott, is felt throughout the 19th century.

William Godwins »Caleb Williams« and »St. Leon« in some respect are also to be mentioned here, as well as the tales of the American Brokden Brown. Shelley's »Zastrozzi« and »St. Jroyne or the Rosicrucian« are a sort of union of A. Radcliffe and Godwin. Another of these more ghastly productions is Miss Mary Shelley's »Frankenstein«. The climax of this school, however, we have in Matthew Gregory Lewis'

»Monk«, who is also the first to introduce the species of German fiction best represented by Theodore William Hoffmann.

»The machinery and characters of this kind of works are of a dark and undefinable nature, and the gloom that hangs over, or the magic moonlight that streams upon the scenery is apt to strike us with mystic terror. These German tales are written in quite a peculiar style. The locality, where most shocking deeds, such as murder or adultery, have been perpetrated, is situated either in old baronial halls, now long fallen to decay, or in some monastic pile equally crumbling into dust. The whole scene is wrapped in profound darkness, occasionally lighted up by the rays of the moon, or by the faint glimmering of some taper. We notice then, how one part of the wide halls and galleries is quite lighted, while the other is left in gloomy shadow; how the wind howls among the trees, and rumbles in the chimneys. When the scene lies in some old monastery, the description is carried on in much the same style as the following: The night is fast advancing;the lamps of the church are not yet lighted. The beams of the rising moon can scarcely pierce through the Gothic obscurity of the church; — or the effect of light and darkness is contrasted in the following way: The moon beams, darting into the church through painted windows, tinge the fretted roofs and massy pillars with a thousand various shades of light and colour. Different sounds are heard in this

scene of gloom. The soft and cooling air breathes along the solitary aisles, or the loud blast howls along the lonely vaults, interrupted here and there by low murmuring, or groans of insupportable woe and despair, that come from subterraneous passages, where rows of mouldering tombs may be distinguished. Having thus prepared the place, the writer introduces the bad principle, in the shape of some malignant goblin, or in that of Lucifer himself. The latter's form is gigantic, his complexion swarthy, his eyes fierce and terrible; his mouth breathes volumes of fire and smoke, and on his forehead is written in legible characters »Pride«! — »Inhumanity«. There is a particular imagery for the exit of the demon. It is signalled by a loud clap of thunder, a blaze of lightning which flashes through the room, an earthquake that rocks the ground; and, born upon sulphurous whirlwinds, the demon flees away, giving forth a torrent of blasphemy and curses.«*

Though Scott has given ample proof of his universality of taste, ever since his youth his whole character inclined to the Gothic school of poetry. Strawberry Hill, Fonthill Abbey and Abbotsford are successive manifestations of the same spirit. Scott in the general preface to the Waverley Novels says himself: »When from boyhood I was advancing to youth, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction . . . . I was plunged into this great ocean of

*) Staake, pag. 20.

reading without compass or pilot. I may observe, that about this time (now, alas! thirty years since) I had nourished the ambitious desire of composing a tale of chivalry, which was to be in the style of the »Castle of Otranto« with plenty of border characters and supernatural incident.« From this fragment of a Romance which was to be entitlet »Thomas the Rhymer« several pages are preserved, sufficient, however, to show that it was to become a true Gothic story:

»A great number of torches lent a gloomy lustre to the hall, which, like those of the Caliph Vathek, was of large dimensions.

. . . . . His bold spirit was quailed by the supernatural terrors of the hall.« . . . . .

He took the bugle with a trembling hand, and a feeble note, but loud enough, however, to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall, horses and men started to life. . . . A whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the long hall. . . . « These are notes we shall retrace in the comparisons below. That Sir Walter was entirely acquainted with the »tales of terror« is shown in another early fragment, the »Lord of Ennerdale«: Maxwell offers to relate to the Ratcliffe Family a piece of their private history. »There was something in this proposal agreeable to all parties. Sir Henry had family pride, which prepared him to take an interest in whatever related to his ancestors. The ladies had dropped deeply into the fashionable reading of the

present day. Lady R. and her pleasant daughters had climbed every pass, viewed every pine shrouded ruin, heard every groan, and lifted every trap-door, in company with the noted heroine of »Udolpho«. They had been heard, however, to observe that the famous incident of the Black veil singularly resembled the ancient apologue of the Mountain in labour, so that they were unquestionable critics, as well as admirers. Besides all this, they had valorously sat en croupe behind the ghostly horseman of Prague, through all his seven translators, and followed the footsteps of Moor through the forest of Bohemia. Moreover it was hinted (but this was a greater mystery than all the rest) that a certain performance, called the Monk, in three neat volumes, had been seen by a prying eye, in the right-hand drawer of the Indian cabinet of Lady R.'s dressing room. Thus predisposed for wonders and signs . . . they arranged themselves to listen to the tale.«

Staake in his »Critical introduction to Sir Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel« was the first to prove the influence of this school, especially that of Lewis on Scott's first greater work »The Lay«.

»On entering the gloomy region of the superstitions and mysterious in the »Lay« our eye was dimmed; we could not make out, where those strange effects of light and darkness in the Abbey of Melrose came from; we were wholly at a loss to remember where we had already heard sounds similar to the low murmur in the galleries of that venerable pile. But when we

were conducted with the festive train to the hall in Branksome Castle, there, all at once, the gloomy scene was lighted up by a flash of lightning, the thunder rolled; it was then that we quite distinctly remembered to have noticed similar celestial appearances over and over again in the cell of the monastery and in the subterranean vaults of the Cathedral, where Lewis makes Ambrosio, the Monk, perpetrate his foul crimes«.[1]

This influence of the »Tale of terror« goes so far that whole passages — as will be shown below — can word by word be traced back[2]. Of course it is most apparent in Scott's first works, those in verse, and less striking in his prose, the Waverley-Novels. Our attention has therefore first to be turned to the

»Lay of the Last Minstrel«.

As to versification Scott himself has noticed his obligation to Coleridge in the introduction: »The singularly irregular structure of the stanzas[3], and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner.

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[1]) Staake, pag. 21.

[2]) It must be stated, that this never can be a reproach for Scott, for, as Staake remarks justly pag. 15: »Scott's literary character was principally epic, objective; that is, he is far better talented to copy an object, than to follow his own bent ot imagination in the creation of his literary characters.«

[3]) of Coleridge's Christabel.

It was not only as regards the metre of the verses that Scott was indebted to Coleridge »but also in the mode of handling the marvellous, our poet has been influenced by Coleridge and especially by his poem Christabel. This poetical fragment is pervaded by a mysterious tone, by a certain obscurity of expression that makes the whole terrible, but at the same time sublime. The same uncertain, dark, confused tone, interrupted by some striking sentences, we find in the first stanzas of the »Lay of the Last Minstrel«.[1] To confirm the similarity of the details we shall quote the parallel passages.

Lay	**Christabel**
»Jesu, Maria shield us well.«	»Jesu, Maria shield her well! O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!«
Canto I Stanza I,	
»And now she sits in secret bower,	
In old Lord David's western tower,	»The lady sprang up suddenly,
And listens to the heavy sound,	The lovely lady, Christabel!
That moans the mossy turrets round.	It moaned as near, as near can be,
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,	But what it is, she cannot tell. —

[1]) Staake, pag. 32.

That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?«
Canto I, Stanza VII.

On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree . . .
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?«

»At the sullen moaning sound
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And, from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!«
Canto I, Stanza VIII.

»Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch; . . .
She maketh answer to the clock,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.«

The works that have had by far the greatest influence upon Scott as regards the managing of the mysterious in the »Lay« are Lewis' — »The Monk« — and Anne Radcliffe's »Romance of the Forest« and »Mysteries of Udolpho«.

Influence of the »Monk«.

Monk (Vol. I. pag. 42).

»Lorenzn flew to her succour; but ere he had time to reach her, a loud burst of thunder was heard Instantly the cathedral seemed crumbling into pieces .... the lamps were extinguished, the altar sank down, and in its place appeared an abyss vomiting forth clouds of flame.«

Lay (Canto II, St. 14).

»The word may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death bed laid;
»They would rend this abbey's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

Canto VII, Stanza 23.

A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam
. . . . . .
Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncovered lie,« . . . .

Monk (Vol. II, pag. 196).

»Suddenly he was sensible of a violent shock. An earthquake rocked the ground, the columns, which supported the roof, under which he stood, were so strongly shaken, that every moment menaced him with its fall, and at

Lay (Canto II. St. 18).

»I would you had been there, to see,
»How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel — roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright:

the same moment he heard a loud, tremendous burst of thunder: it ceased, and his eyes being fixed upon the staircase, he saw a bright column of light flash along the caverns beneath.«

It shone like heavens own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show the Monk's cowl and visage pale.«

*»Presently all the doors flew open, a pale, glimmering light appeared at the door from the staircase, and a man entered the room« . . . . .

Monk (Vol. II p. 275).
»A volume of dark clouds rose slowly from the ensanguined earth, and ascended gradually till it reached the vault of the cavern.
At the same time a clap of thunder was heard, the echo pealed fearfully along the subterraneous passages.«

Lay (C. VI. St. 24).
»So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,
Though long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all.
A secret horror checked the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest;«

Monk (Vol, III p. 292).
»Scarce had he pronounced the last words, when

Lay (C. VI. St. 25),
»Then sudden, trough the darken'd air

*) Old English Baron (p. 88).

the effects of the charm were evident. A loud burst of thunder was heard, the prison shook to its foundations, a blaze of lightning flashed through the cell . . . . . «

A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame.«

Monk (Vol. III p. 90).

»I heard a clap of thunder, and the room was filled with a smell of brimstone.«

III, 274

»Instantly a loud noise was heard resembling a clap of thunder, and the steel shivered into a thousand pieces«

III 298

»Instantly the thunder was heard to roll horribly once more the earth trembled with violence: the dungeon resounded with loud shrieks, and the demon fled with blasphemy and curses.«

Lay (C VI, St. 22).

»Resistless flash'd the levin brand,
And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elvish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud
Dismay'd the brave, apall'd the proud, —
From sea to sea the 'larum rung . . . .
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elfish dwarf was seen no more«.

III 292

»A violent earth quake rocked the ground, accompanied by a fresh burst of thunder, louder and more appalling than the first.«

Monk (III 163).

»To be in this melancholy place . . . expecting every moment, to be torn in pieces by the ghosts who wander about me, and complain, and groan, and wail in accents that make my blood run cold.«

Lay I St. 12.

»And now she sits in secret bower . . . .
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviots tide,
That chafes against the Scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be the heavy sound
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?«

Monk (III 193).

»He heard the melancholy shriek of the screechowl: The wind ruttled loudly against the windows of the adjacent convent.«

Lay I St. 13.

»At the sullen moaning sound
The ban-dogs bay and howl,
And from the turrets round

Loud whoops the startled owl.«

Monk (II 269)

»They were interrupted by a low murmur . . . . Some minutes past in silence, after which the murmur was repeated. It appeared to be the groaning of one in pain . . . He fancied that some unquiet ghost was wandering near him.«

The noise seemed not to approach, but continued to be heard at intervals.«

II. pag. 60.

»As I listened to the mournful hollow sound, and heard it die away in the wind, I felt a sudden chillness spread itself over my body. I shuddered without knowing wherefore; cold dews poured down my forehead, and my hair stood bristling with alarm.«

Lay (C II, St. 22).

»'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister gallery small,
Which at mid-night thread the chancel-wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man.« . . . .

C. II St. 16.

»It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid.
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast.« . . . .

C. VI St. 26.

»Some heard a voice in Branksome hall,
Some saw a sight, not seen by all, ...

II. pag. 84.

»For the horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal.«

Monk III, 176.

As Lorenzo advanced, he felt a piercing chillness spread itself through his vains.

The guests in silence pray'd and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan« . . . .

Lay VI, 26.

»At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold« . . . .

In the »Monk« and the »Lay« we find not only this most striking circumstance of the introduction of thunder, lightning, dismal groans etc., but also the little paraphernalia for exorcism and magic charms. One of the instruments producing feats of supernatural interference is the magic mirror »adopted by Scott from the Monk, as a kind of machinery for bringing about similar effects as the below mentioned mighty book.«[1] No doubt the following passages agree very closely.

[1]) Staake pag. 23.

Monk II, 264.

»With these words she produced from beneath her habit a mirror of polished steel, the borders of which were marked with various strange and unknown characters . . . She put the mirror into his hand. Curiosity induced him to take it, and love, to wish that Antonia might appear. Mathilda pronounced the magic words. Immediately a thick smoke rose from the characters traced upon the borders, and spread itself over the surface. It dispersed again gradually, a confused mixture of colours and images presented themselves to the friar's eyes, which at lenght arranging themselves in their proper places, he beheld in miniature Antonia's lovely form.«

Lay VI, 17.

»Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might:
On cross, and character, and talisman.«

VI, 18.

»But soon within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.«

Then appears
»That fair and lovely form,
the lady Geraldine.«

The wondrous »Book of Might« in the »Lay« recalls, it is true, the blacklettered bible used by the borderers for charming in the »Minstrelsy«, but on deeper investigation we cannot help thinking that the mysterious book in Lewis' »Monk« floated before Scott's mind. »In both of them rests a supernatural power in the very lines and letters, attracting the spectre, when they are once read over, whilst it is the tendency of the black-lettered book to banish the spectre, or goblin, and to keep it to its confinement.«*

In these comparisons we have seen that Sir Walter's »ear must have been strongly captivated by the most striking expressions occuring in the »Monk«; his most retentive memory must have eagerly taken hold of and carefully preserved all those conspicuous words and sentences with which Lewis has set forth his German diablerie, until, in a genial hour, his imagination opened this receptacle, and out flowed, in all their richness, the figures and scenes of his first original composition.«*

With what deep interest Scott must have read Lewis, how even this author's language and rythm was fixed in his memory, is shown directly by the first lines of the Lay that introduce the old Minstrel. In the Monk Theodore shows to his master his first poem »Lore and Age« in which we find the following lines:

**) Staake, pag. 23.

Monk.	Lay.
»The night was dark, the wind blew cold;	»The way was long, the wind was cold,
Anacreon, grown morose and old, ...	The minstrel was infirm and old; . . . .
Again belov'd, esteemed, caressed,	No longer courted and caress'd, ...
Cupid shall in thine arms be pressed	But when he caught the measure wild,
His bosom glows with amorous fire;	The old man raised his head and smiled.
Eager he grasps the magic lyre;	
Swift o'er the tuneful chords his fingers move:	
The feather plucked from Cupid's wing	In varying cadence, soft and strong,
Sweeps the too-neglected string.«	He swept the sounding chords along.«

The influence of the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe on the »Lay« does not extend so far as that of Lewis. Certainly however Scott had in view her description of the old Abbey in the

»Romance of the Forest«

Capter II. for his Abbey of Melrose. Several places show literal conformity, but we shall better recognize

the resemblance by roundly comparing the two passages, than by bringing forth single sections.

Rom. of Forest.

»He approached and perceived the Gothic remains of an Abbey. It stood on a kind of rude lawn, overshadowed by high and spreading trees, which seemed coeval with the building, and diffused 'a romantic gloom around .. The lofty battlements, thickly enwreathed with ivy, were half demolished and become the residence of birds of prey.

Huge fragments of the eastern tower, which was almost demolished, lay scattered amid the high grass, that waved slowly to the breeze. The thistle shook its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. A gothic gate, richly ornamented with fretwork, which opened into the main body of the edifice,

Lay I St. 31.

»Like some dark rock with lichens gray,
Seem'd dimly huge, the large Abbaye.
When Hawik he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the wind alone,
But when Melrose he reach'd 't was silence all.«

Lay II. 1

»If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day

but which was now obstructed with brushwood, remained entire (Lay II 8) Above the vast and magnificent portal of this gate arose a window of the same order, whose pointed arches still exhibited fragments of stained glass, oncethe pride of monkish devotion (II 11). La Motte, thinking it possible it might yet shelter some human being, advanced to the gate and lifted a massy knocker. The hollow sounds rang through the emptiness of the place. (II 2) He entered what appeared to have been the chapel of the Abbey, where the hymn of devotion had once been raised (I 31), and the tear of penitence had once been shed; sounds which could now only be recalled by imagination — tears of penitence, which had been

Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately,
Seem framed of ebou and ivory
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead mans grave,
Then go-but go alone the while —
Then view St. Davids ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!« . . . .

long since fixed in fate. L. M. paused a moment, for he felt a sensation of sublimity rising into terror - a suspension of mingled astonishment and awe. He surveyed the vastness of the place, and as he contemplated its ruins, fancy bore him back to past ages.

And these walls, said he, where once superstition lurked, and austerity anticipated an earthly purgatory, now tremble over the mortal remains of these beings who reared them (II $_7$). . . . . As he walked over the broken pavement, the sound of his steps ran in echos through the place (II $_3$), and seemed like the mysterious accents of the dead reproving the sacrilegious mortal who thus dared to disturb their precints. From this chapel he passed

Lay II. St. 2.

». . With daggers hilt on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud and struck full long.

Lay II St. 3.

The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warriors, clanking stride« . . . .

Lay II St. 7.

». . . Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Lay II, 8.

»Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.«

into the nave of the great church, of which one window, more perfect than the rest, opened upon a large vista of the forest, through which was seen the rich colouring of evening, melting by imperceptible gradations into the solemn gray of upper air. . . . .

II 9.

»By a steel-clench'd postern door
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty, and light, and small:

The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars with cluster'd shaft so trim,
With base and with capital flourish'd around
Seem'd bundles of lances which garland had bound.«

Mysterious and terrifying voices we find no less than eight times in the Romance of the forest so

Vol. I pag, 167.

»A hollow sigh seemed to pass near her. . . . .
As she listened to the wind, that murmured at the casement of her lonely

Lay II, 22.

'Tis said as through the aisles they pass'd,
They heard strange voices on the blast . . . . .
(see above!)

chamber, she again thought she heard a sigh. Her imagination refused any longer the control of reason, and turning her eyes, a figure, whose exact form she could not distinguish, appeared to pass along an obscure part of the chamber, a dreadful chillness came over her, and she sat fixed in her chair.

Compare also Lay I 12, 15 » II 16 » VI 26 see above with the following

Vol. I, pag. 141.

»The wind was high and it whistled trough the desolate apartment, and shook the feeble doors, she often started, and sometimes even thought she heard sighs between the pauses of the gust.«

Again on page 22, 135, 137, 142, 175, 177.

Also her trick of leaving the reader in doubt and uncertainty intentionally has had influence upon him.

Vol. I. pag. 176:

»She feared to look round, lest she should again see some dreadful phantom, and she almost fancied, she heard voices swell in the storm.«

Lay II 20.

»With eyes averted prayed he«

This cited resemblance of the »Romance of the Forest« and the »Lay« is nearly exclusively contained in the passage where Adeline reads the Manuscript and at the opening of the wizards grave; on reading

the former we are involuntarily reminded of the latter, so that some influence of this passage upon Scott is also possible.

The supernatural looking-glass of the »Lay« we find twice in the »Romance«

Adeline, gloomy and unpleasant images flitting before her fancy, falls into a sort of waking dream.

Pag. 51.

»I thought that I was in a lonely forest with my father; his looks were severe and his gesture menacing; he upbraided me for leaving the convent, and, while he spoke, drew from his pocket a mirror which he held before my face; I looked in it and saw, (my blood now thrills as I repeat it) I saw myself wounded and bleeding profusely.«

Pag. 167.

»While she sat musing, her fancy, which now wandered in the regions of terror, gradually subdued reason. There was a glass before her upon the table, and she feared to raise her looks towards it, lest some other face than her own should meet her eyes.«

»Mysteries of Udolpho.«

This novel has not so much in single passages influenced Scott, but in the whole use of the apparatus of the Gothic novel with its mysterious voices, groans, rustling sounds, gliding shadows, phantoms, moving

of palls, veiled pictures with terrible backgrounds etc. Most frequent with A. Radcliffe in her novels are little songs (stanzas) of the heroine, expressing her longing for her lover and preceded by a deeply felt description of nature. Scott uses the same in

Lay III St. 24.

»So passed the day-the evening fell,
'T was near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman on the tower
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret lov'd and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
Touch'd a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorn green.«

Myst. of U. III 322.

One evening, having wandered with her lute to this her favourite spot, she entered the ruined tower, and ascended a winding staircase that led to a small chamber .... whence she had often gazed with admiration on the wide prospect of sea and land that extended below. The sun was now setting ..... placing herself opposite to a small grated window, which, like the wood-tops beneath, and the waves lower still, gleamed with the red glow of the west, she touched the chords of her lute in solemn symphony, and then accompanied it with her

voice in one of the simple and affecting airs, to which, in happier days, Valancourt had often listened in rapture.«*

Marmion.

The description of the subterranean vault, and the fate of Constance, condemned to a slow death, vividly recalls Lewis' »Monk.« Likewise for having broken her vow by earthly love Agnes is incarcerated by the abbess and some fanatical nuns — compare Marmion II, St. 24. the characters of the monks chosen hereto:

»Such men the church selected still,
As either joy'd in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain
If, in her cause they wrestled down,
Feelings their nature strove to own.« —

*) In the Archiv (101, 1898, pag. 336) Eugenie Franke remarks that also Southey with his phantastic poetry has confirmed Scott in his frequent use of the supernatural. As the magician sneaks into Thalaba's family, disguised as a wanderer, to kill the last of the dreaded race, thus Gilpin assumes the figure of a page.

Lay VI.

»When ended was the dread-
ful roar,
The elfish page was seen no
more.«

Thalabe.

»The blast of the desert came.
Prostrate in prayers the pious
family
Felt not the Simoom pass.
They rose, and lo! the Sor-
cerer lying dead,
Holding the dagger in his
blasted hand.«

to meet a slow and painful death. Only the abbess and her few confidents know the entrance.

Marmion II, St. 18:

»Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay . . . .«

Marmion II 17.

. . . »Far different was the scene of woe
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Conncil was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell . . . .
This den, which chilling every sense
of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was call'd the vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead,
As having died in mortal sin,

Monk III 173.

»A deep abyss now presented itself before them, whose thick obscurity the eye strove in vain to pierce.«

246.

»My blood ran cold as I gazed upon this melancholy abode, cold vapours hanging in the air, the walls green with damp.«

176.

»As Lorenzo advanced he felt a piercing chillness spread itself through his vains.«

235.

»Emblems of death were seen on every side, skulls, shoulder blades, thigh bones, and other

Might not be laid the
church within.
'Twas now a place of
punishment.«

18

»In low dark rounds the
arches hung,
From the rude rock the
side-walls sprung;
The grave stones, rudely
sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by
time half wore,
Were all the pavements
of the floor.
The mildew drops fell
one by one
With tinkling plash, upon
the stone
A cresset in an iron
chain,
Which served to light the
drear domain,
With damp and darkness
seem'd to strive,
As if it scarce might keep
alight;
And yet it dimly served
to show

reliquis of mortality, were scattered upon the dewy ground.«

234.

. . . . »The consciousness of being surrounded by the loathsome and mouldering bodies of my companions increased my desire to escape from my fearful prison.«

235.

»Several tombs were ranged along the sides in order, and seemed to be considerably sunk within the earth.«

75.

»Coldly played the light upon the damp walls, whose dew-stained surface gave back a feeble reflection. A thick and pestilential fog clouded the height of the vaulted dungeon.«

175

»A small lamp was placed upon a heap of stones, whose faint and

The awful conclave met
below.«

23.

»Yet well the luckless
wretch might shriek,
Well might her terror
paleness speak!
For there were seen in
that dark wall
Two niches narrow, deep,
and tall.
Who enters at such
grisly door
Shall ne'er, I ween, find
exit more.
In each a slender meal
was laid,
Of roots, of water, and
of bread.«

melancholy rays served rather to point out than dispel the horrors of a narrow gloomy dungeon, formed in one side of the cavern.«

235.

»A sepulchral lamp was suspended from the roof by an iron chain and shed a gloomy light through the dungeon.«

246.

»I implored compassion, rent the air with my cries, and summoned both heaven and earth to my assistance.«

176.

»The light also showed several other recesses of similar construction, but whose depth was buried in obscurity.«

244.

»Beneath these vaults there exist prisons . . . . . who enters them must resign all hopes of liberty.«

»Suddenly a neighbouring tomb caught my eye, a basket stood upon it . . . . How eagerly did I seize it on finding it to contain a loaf of coarse bread and a small bottle of water.«

In Marmion after the incarceration II 33 »The shriekings of despair and many a stifled groan« are heard. In the »Monk« the attention of the nuns and Lorenzo is roused by »deep and long drawn groans.«

In a note of his introduction to Canto II. Scott himself refers to Lewis' Monk. In the introduction we read.

»'Twere sweet . . . . .
To sit upon the Wizard's grave;
That Wizard's priest, whose bones are thrust,
From company of holy dust;
On which no sunbeam ever shines —
So superstition's creed divines.« . . . .

Scott remarks in his note thereto;

»At one corner of the burial ground of the demolished chapel, (of St. Mary of the Lowes) but without its precints, is a small mound, called Binrams corse, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry. His story

much resembles that of Ambrosio in the Monk and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. J. Hogg.« *

Lady of the Lake.

Canto III, Stanza 5 the painting of the battle field with all its horror and terrors, where

» . . . the slow blind-worm left his slime,
On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time.«

is nothing inferior in this respect to Lewis' vaults filled with bones and corpses.

»Often have I at waking found my fingers ringed with the long worms which bred in the corrupted flesh of my infant.« (Vol. III pag. 258.)

Canto I 28.	**Castle of Otranto,** page 195.
»He sought her yielded hand to clasp, And a cold gauntlet met his grasp: The phantom's sex was changed and gone	»He beheld .... an enormous helmet, an hundred times more large than any casque ever made for human being

*) In the edition of 1830 in a note to Canto II, the resemblance of Constance's appearance at her condemnation with that of Parisina in the homonymous work of Lord Byron is pointed at. Byron however denies having imitated Scott: »I could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable.« In our profound perusal of Sir Walter's works we have found many passages that seem to be influenced reciprocally. An inquiry on this point, as we believe, would lead to some interesting result.

Upon its head a helmet shone
Slowly enlarged to giant size
With darken'd cheek and threatening eyes, ...«
and shaded with a proportionable quantity of black feathers.«

An obvious resemblance also exists between »Mysteries of Udolpho« 241 u. 242 and »Lady of the Lake«, Canto VI 23, 24 »Ellen, the while, with bursting heart, Remain'd in lordly bower apart« yearning for her isle. From her meditations she is startled by the voice of her imprisoned lover

»'Twas from a turret that that overhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.«

In Mysteries of Udolpho Emily, absorbed in reveries of her home far away, learns by a song of her beloved Valancourt that he as a prisoner is near her.

Often we hear of »ghostly shrill voices« and »demons« — III[26], IV[13] — and in VI[20] a most awful effect is produced by a flash of lightning.

»Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
I mark'd Duncraggans widow'd dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand:
It darken'd — but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan;
Another flash! The spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,

And the stern matron o'er him stood
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.«

A most splendid description in Gothic style, unequalled by any of his predecessors, Scott offers us in his characteristic of Brian (III 7), so full of horror and filling us with such a feeling of awe and terror that we cannot avoid giving it here:

»The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the river Demons rise,
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noontide hag or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread
Swell'd with the voices af the dead;
Far on the future battle heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death:
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,
Shaped forth a disembodied world . . . .
Sounds too had come in midnight blast
Of charging steeds, carreering fast
Along Benharrows shingly side,
Where mortal horsenen ne'er might ride;«

Rokeby.

In »Rokeby« V_4 and »Mysteries of Udolpho« II_{10} we have remarkable descriptions of a true Gothic hall:

Rokeby.

»That huge old hall, of knightly state,
Dismantled seem'd and desolate.
The moon through transom shafts of stone,
Which cross'd the lattic'd oriels, shone,
And by the mournful light she gave,
The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.
Pennon and banner waved no more
O'er beams of stags and tusks of boar,
Nor glimmering arms were marstall'd seen
To glance those silvan-spoils between.«

Mysteries of U.

»The sentiment (of horror) was not diminished when she entered an extensive gothic hall, obscured by the gloom of evening, which a light glimmering at a distance through a long perspective of arches only rendered more striking. As a servant brought the lamp nearer, partical gleams fell upon the pillars and the pointed arches, forming a strong contrast with their shadows that stretched along the pavement and the walls . . . . .

Extreme desolation appeared every where.«

In the »Romance of the Forest« II 182 La Motte hides his robbed treasures in a lonely old tomb.

Romance I 91:

The way conducted him through the most gloomy part of the forest till it terminated in an obscure recess, over arched with high trees . . . . . In advancing he perceived the ruins of a small building, which, from the traces that remained, appeared to have been a tomb.

Rokeby II 17.

»Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
As if a canopy to spread
O'er the lone dwellings of the dead;
For their huge bows in arches bent
Above a massive monument.«

And in II 18 the robbers are directed:

»To seek some charnel, when, at full,
The moon gilts skeleton and skull:
There dig, and tomb your precions heap;
And bid the dead your treasure keep.«

Romance I 92: Louis approaches the monument:

»He remained with his eyes fixed upon the spot, and presently saw a figure arise under the arch of the sepulchre. It started, as if on perceiving him, and immediately disappeared,«

Rokeby II 18 Bertram also sees a figure there:

»It vanish'd like a flitting ghost!
Behind this tomb, he said, 'twas lost.«

The Vision of Don Roderick.

XXVI.

»So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapped in smoke,
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of flame;
With every flash a bold explosive broke,
Till Roderik deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke
And waved 'gainst heaven their infernal gonfalone.«

Monk III 292.

»The effects of the charm were evident. A loud burst of thunder was heard, the prison shook to its very foundations, a blaze of lightning flashed trough the cell, and in the next moment, borne upon sulphurous whirlwinds, Lucifer stood before him . . . . The lightning flashed around him, and the thunder with repeated bursts seemed to announce the dissolution of nature.«

The Lord of the Isles.

I 21.

»Fiere bounding, forward sprang the ship,
Like greyhound starting from the slip
To seize his flying prey.
Awaked before the rushing prow,

Ancient Mariner
Part. IV.

»Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes,
They moved in tracks of shining white,

The minic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightnings of the wave.«

And when they reared, the elvish light
Fell of in hoary flakes.
. . . . and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.«

The Bridal of Triermain.

Consists properly of two distinct subjects, interwoven together something in the manner of the Last Minstrel and his Lay. This is the mode of introducing romantic and fabulous incidents and narratives, so that we meet with all the pecularities of the Gothic novel. Also Coleridge has been imitated; Blackwood Magazine, April 1817, writes: [it must be remembered that the Romance was published anonymously] »When the article entitled, »The inferno of Altisidora« appeared in the Edinbourgh Annual Register for 1809 it will be remembered that the last fragment, contained in that singular production, is the beginning of the Bridal of Triermain. Report says that the fragment was not meant to be an imitation of Scott, but of Coleridge; and that, for this purpose the author borrowed both the name of the hero and the scene from the then unpublished poem of Christabelle; . . . . and, undoubtedly, it does bear some similarity to Coleridge in the poetry and more especially in the rythm . . . The stanzas are not exactlx Coleridge, but they are precisely

such an imitation of Coleridge, as, we conceive another poet of our acquaintance would write.«

In Anne Radcliffe's novels frequently distant ghost-like music is heard at midnight; thus Harold is awakened by the tunes of a harp »so sweet, so soft, so faint, it seem'd an angels whisper'd call to an expiring saint.«

Canto I 13 we have an excellent picture of an old Gothic castle, quite like the one in the beginning of the second volume of the »Mysteries of Udolpho.«

Canto I 13.

But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd,
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the moated entrance slung
The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of the foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd,
And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
The gloomy pass below.
But the grey walls no banner crown'd,
Upon the watch-tower's airy round
No warden stood his horn to sound,

No guard beside the bridge was found
And, where the gothic gateway frown'd,
Glanced neither bill nor bow.«

Mysteries of Udolpho II 9.

»But the gloom that overspread the building allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outlines, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient and dreary. The gateway before her leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers crowned by overhanging turrets embattled, where instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants. . . . . The towers were united by a curtain pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates: from these the walls of the ramparts extented to other towers overlooking the precipice« . . . .

To »Lay« VI 24 and »Monk« II 275 — we can add »Bridal of Triermain« II 25 —

»But then the sky was overcast,
Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,
And, rent by sudden throes,
Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,
And from the gulf, — tremendous birth! —
The form of Merlin rose.

. . . . . .

Till in necromantic night
Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.«

In Canto III, Stanza 33 we find the subterranean terrible vaults of Monk III 173 —

»Downward de Vaux through darksome ways
And ruin'd vaults has gone,
Till issue from their wilder'd maze,
Or safe retreat, seem'd none,
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on:
For cheerful sun, for living air
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers show'd
That dogg'd him on that dreadful road,
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
They show'd, but show'd not how to shun.
These scenes of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poison'd air,
How gladly had de Vaux exchanged . . .« etc.

Compare also Monk I 24 — see above — with

»Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!
Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters tower and trembles keep,
Burst the castle wall asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks«

and Monk III 193 — see above — with

»The owlet now began to scream.«

Harold the Dauntless.

The following quotations agree very narrowly with those compared above with the »Monk«.

Canto II, 17.

»Hark! he comes! the night blast cold
Wilder sweeps along the wold;
The cloudless moon grows dark and dim,
And bristling hair and quaking limp
Proclaim the Master-Demon nigh . . . .«

Canto VI, 16.

»Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground;
But not the artillery of hell,
The bickering lightning, nor the rocks
Of turrets to the earthquake's shocks,
Could Harolds courage quell . . . .«

Canto VI, 1

»Full many a bard has sung* the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone ribb'd roof,
O'er canopying shrine; and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof,
And blending with the shade-a matchless proof
Of high devotion, which has now wax'd cold.«

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*) In our edition Congreve's only tragedy: »The Mourning Bride« Act II, Scene 1 is referred to:

»All is hush'd, and still as death — 't is dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars, rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft it's arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast an immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.«

Dramas.

The Doom of Devorgoil.

Act II, Scene II

»A tremendous burst of thunder follows these words of the Song, and the lightning should seem to strike the black Armour, which falls with a crash . .«

Castle of Otranto, 300.

»A clap of thunder at that instant shook the castle to its foundations; the earth rocked, and the clank of more than mortal armour was heard behind.«

In the »Old English Baron« the decision is brought on by the same event:

page 58

»Suddenly they were awakened from their revery by a violent noise in the rooms underneath them. It seemed like the clashing of arms, and something seemed to fall down with violence . . . . They descended . . . . the first thing that presented itself to view was a complete suit of armour that seemed to have fallen down on a heap.«

The Catastrophe in the Doom of Devorgoil is about the same as in the Castle of Otranto. The palmer, the spirit of an ancestor, is discovered armed as nearly as may be to the suit which hung on the wall; the walls fall down, he pronounces the fate of the house, discovers the treasure and the true descendant and disappears with a clap of thunder. — Compare page 300 in »Castle of Otr.« where Alfonso appears, clad in huge pieces of armour:

»The walls of the castle were thrown down with a mighty force, and the form of Alfonso appeared in the centre of the ruins. Behold in Theodor the true heir of Alfonso! said the vision, and, having pronounced these words, accompanied by a clap of thunder, vanished.«

In the

House of Aspen

we again find the miraculous mirror:

Act IV, Scene 3.

»Opposite to the bed on which he threw himself was a large mirror. At midnight he was awakened by deep groans: He cast his eye upon the mirror and saw . . . the reflection of a human face, distorted and covered with blood.«

Prose.

It is natural, considering the time they were written in and under what circumstances partly, that the Waverley Novels grant in a far smaller extent a result for our inquiry, especially as Sir Walter has understood in these his later and riper works, to shake off more and more the influence of any peculiar taste or school of literature and to raise by his generous universality of taste, in addition to all his other qualities

of humour and poetry, the novel from its decadence and to make dry history live again in his tales. We shall therefore have to limit our task and try to retrace, as far as possible, the supernatural and dreadful events to their origin, a task which Andrew Lang in his Border Edition has shown the way to by the notes he gives. Many passages have, as regards their source been explained by Scott himself.

Before entering on this investigation we shall deal with the interesting question of Scott's personal attitude towards the supernatural and marvellous, towards ghosts and ghost stories.

In Lockhart IX 249 according to note of A. Lang, pag. 385, Vol. II we read about this topic:

»On the subjects commonly designated as the 'marvellous' his mind was susceptible and it was delicate. He loved to handle them in his own manner and at his own season; not to be pressed with them or brought to anything like a test of belief or disbelief respecting them. There is perhaps in every mind a point more or less advanced at which incredulity on these subjects may be found to waver. Sir Walter Scott, as it seemed to me, never cared to ascertain very precisely where this point lay in his own mental constitution.«

Scott talks of »the two periods, distant from each other«, where he felt »that degree of superstitious awe which his countrymen call »eerie.«

According to Andrew Lang the one is the night he spent at haunted Glammis in 1793, and the other is given by Mr. Gillies (»Recollections af Sir Walter Scott, pag. 170). Sir Walter Scott said, »very many persons have either seen a ghost, or something very like one; and I am myself among the number.« He added, »the good stories are sadly devoid of evidence, — the stupid ones only are authentic.« The ghost was a dark brown figure which appeared, and, when approached, disappeared. Scott »rode within a few yards, it vanished, he returned, saw it again and again, it vanished instantaneously. I must candidly confess had now got enough of the phantasmagoria; and whether it were from a love of home, or a participation in my dislike of this very stupid ghost, Finella (his mare) did her best to run away. I will not deny that I felt somewhat uncomfortable. The state of atmosphere and outline of the scenery supplied no explanation.«

The nocturnal disturbances at Abbotsford which roused Scott »as nearly as could be ascertained, at the very hour« when Mr. Bullock, who superintended the furnishing, died in London, produced not »eerie« feeling. But the event »made a much stronger impression on his mind«, than he cared to confess in alluding to the matter.

Lockhart V 309 —: »I protest to you (Terry), the noise resembled half-a-dozen men hard at work putting up boards and furniture; and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises

at the time. With a few additional touches, the story would figure in Glanville or Anbreye's collection.«

Guy Mannering.

Ellangowan castle is a genuine gothic ruin of rude magnificence. In one of the gloomy black halls Mannering finds the gipsy Meg spinning a thread, drawn from the wool of three different colours, black, white, and gray. As she spun she sung what seemed to be a charm, it ends:

»Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.«

This connection of fate and spinning is very old. The three Nornes of German Mythology, of black, gray and white colour, have certainly been the model for Scott, he being deeply read in German superstitions and in correspondence with Jacob Grimm.

Old Mortality.

The event of the supposed apparition of Morton in volume II page 219 (Border Edition) is no doubt taken from Daniel Defoe's: »The history and reality of apparitions« Oxford 1840 (Chapter 8), where the inheritance of a step-son far away is guarded by the repeated apparition of what the Germans call a Doppelgänger.

In the »Bride of Lammermoor« we find women resembling Meg Merrilies. »These figures of the hags, embittered by old age, poverty, and neglect, clinging

to their only power, which superstition gave them, is one of the best of Scott's contribution to demonology.«*

Also his dealing with the supernatural is most impressive. The gradually approaching doom hovering above the two lovers, indicated by visions, prophecies, and sayings of the weird women, makes us feel the superstitious thrill with all its unreasonable emotions of wonder and fear.

We have an apparition similar to the above mentioned »Doppelgänger« in

Montrose.

For instance pag. 227:

»Allan lingered a moment behind, still questioning the reluctant Renald Mac Eagh upon a point in his supposed visions, by which he was greatly perplexed. »Repeatedly«, he said, »have I had the sights of a Gael, who seemed to plunge his weapon into the body of Menteith . . . . But by no efforts, though I have gazed till my eyes were almost out of their sockets, can I discover the face of this Highlander, or even conjecture who he may be, although his person and air seem familiar to me.« (The spectre is Allan himself.)

The Monastery.

When Lockhart was at Abbotsford 1820 in February, Scott talked to him about the yet unpublished

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*) Andrew Lang in note.

Monastery. A good deal of it, he said, had been composed before he finished Ivanhoe.'

»It was a relief to interlay the scenery most familiar to me with the strange world for which I had to draw so much on the imagination.«

Scott remarks in the introduction:

From the discredit attached to the vulgar and more common modes in which the Scottish superstition displays itself, the author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten, theory of astral spirit, or creatures of the elements* . . . . The general reader will find an entertaining account of these

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*) Andrew Lang: »Sir Walter could handle the supernatural to admiration in the Bodach Glass and in Wandering Willie's tale, or, again in the Wraith of Alice in the »Bride of Lammermoor« or in the short story of the »tapestried chamber.« But, in all these cases, he was dealing with the phantoms of actual belief. The Bodach glass was a Reality to Fergus MacIvor, and the scene in hell was true to the mind of wandering Will. Scott himself wavered on the doubtful confines of belief and scepticism, concerning what we may call the more familiar forms of the supernatural. But for the White Lady he had no model nearer than the dreams of the Comte de Gabalis and the Undine of de la Motte-Fouque, a visionary being who is not placed among historical characters, Border spears, and Protestant churchmen.

His own touch of belief or of sympathetic doubt could not help him with the »White lady«. A supernatural being attached to the fortunes of a family, is just shadowed forth in the Bride of Lammermoor . . . The White Lady stoops to folly, and to jests about a bodkin — in fact, she is in the literary German taste, and is no character of Scottish superstition. Scott, at least, avoided one fault: he did not explain her away in the manner of Mrs (Anne) Radcliffe, nor introduce scientific and sceptical disquisitions about her after the fashion of Bulwer.«

elementary spirits in the French book entitled »Entretiens du Comte de Gabalis.« The ingenious comte de la Motte Fouqée composed, in German, one of the most successful productions of his fertile brain, Undine, where a beautiful and even afflicting effect is produced by the introduction of a water-nymph, who loses the privilege of immortality, by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and uniting her lot with that of a mortal who treats her with ingratitude. In imitation of an example so successful, the White Lady of Avenel was introduced in the following sheets.

She is represented as connected with the family of Avenel by one of those mystic ties which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognized in Ireland, in the real Milesian families, who are possessed of a Banshi; and they are known amongst the traditions of the Highlanders.«

Vol. I, end of 11. chapter.

»These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure of a female clothed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning.« Scott then cites at this passage from Christabel:

»I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly.«

Chapter XI, pag. 149.

»A cold tremor shot across his limbs, his hair bristled, and he was afraid to look around, lest he

should find at his elbow something more frightful than the first vision. A breeze arising suddenly realized the beautiful and wild idea of the most imaginative of our modern bards:

»It fann'd his cheek, it raised his hair,
Like a meadow gale in spring;
It mingled strangely with his fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.«

(Coleridge.)

The contrivance of provoking the irritable vanity of Sir Pircie Shafton, by presenting him with a bodkin, indicative of his descent from a tailor, is borrowed from a German romance, by the celebrated Tieck, called »Das Petermännchen«. The being who gives name to this tale, is the 'Burggeist', or castle spectre, of a German family, whom he aids with his counsel. A neighbouring count refuses to the young baron the hand of his daughter. Repulsed and affronted he takes counsel with the spectre, that gives him a horseshoe to show to the count, when next he should boast of his superior pedigree. As one of the counts forefathers had a misalliance with the daughter of a blacksmith, he is thrown into a violent fury, resulting in his slaughter and the seduction of his daughter.

The Abbot.

In Volume I pag. 208 we find the old popular belief of the inability of evil spirits to enter a house uninvited.

»Reverend father, replied Magdalen, hast thou never heard that there are spirits, powerful to rend the walls of a castle asunder when once admitted, which yet cannot enter the house unless they are invited, nay, dragged over the threshold.«

The most picturesque use of this belief occurs in Coleridge's beautiful and tantalizing fragment of »Christabel« (15th passage, pag. 109), where she conducts into her fathers castle a mysterious and malevolent being under the guise of a distressed female stranger:

»The lady sank, belike thro' pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved as she were not in pain.«

The Bethrothed.

»The spirit of the haunted chamber is wisely left unexplained: she has certainly a tendency to follow the White Lady of Avenel. It would be interesting to know, whether Sir Walter borrowed this idea of a mysterious room, which each woman of the family must visit once in her lifetime, from the traditions of Glammis-Castle. There, according to a widely circulated legend, is a secret chamber, which the heir must enter once, on attaining his majority. In 1793 Scott passed a night at Glammis, and this was one of the

occasions when he »experienced that degree of superstitious awe which his countrymen call eerie«.*

Scott, however, says nothing of this legend akin to that of the Bahr-Geist. In his notes he only points out that the idea was taken from a passage in the Memoirs of Lady Faushand.

Some resemblance to the »Monk« is perhaps to be suggested in the stirring episode of Eveline's immurement in the »damp, earthy, subterranean apartment (page 327), where her hands, which groped round, encountered . . . . the smouldering bones of the dead.«

Woodstock.

»On February 23, 1820 Scott remarks that Ballantyne complains of imitations of Mrs Radcliffe in Woodstock. The scenes in secret passages, the viewless shapes that syllable Everards name, the supposed apparitions in the royal lodge were offensive to the originality of James«.**

Assuredly Ballantyne is right, as the following few passages may show:

I 202.

»A loud clap of thunder, or a noise as formidable, rang through the Lodge . . . .«

I 257.

»He was awakened from sleep by a slow and solemn strain of Music, which died away at a distance

*) Lang in introduction, pag. XII.
**) Andrew Lang, Vol. I, pag. 10.

. . . . He felt that undefined and thrilling species of tremor which attends a sense that danger is near, and an uncertainty concerning its cause and character . . . . He feared he knew not what.«

I 261.

»A wild strain of melody, beginning at a distance, and growing louder as it advanced, seemed to pass from room to room, from cabinet to gallery, from hall to bower, through the deserted and dishonoured ruins of the ancient residence of so many sovereigns; and, as it approached, no soldier gave alarm, nor did any of the numerous guests of various degrees, who spent an unpleasant and terrified night in that ancient mansion, seem to dare to announce to each other the inexplicable cause of apprehension.«

The same favourite topics of Mrs Radcliffe are also suggested by the whole mechanism and the appearances and disappearances of the heroine in »Anne of Geierstein.« —

Zum Schluss ist es mir eine angenehme Pflicht, meinem hochverehrten Lehrer Herrn Professor Dr. F. Lindner für das meiner Arbeit entgegengebrachte Interesse meinen wärmsten Dank auszusprechen.